

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—JESUS.

"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."—THOMAS PAINE.

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The Infant's Dream.

The following poem, beautifully inwoven with the most delicate pathos, appeared many years ago in an Irish newspaper.

Oh ! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast ;
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last,
I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep ;
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry,
Then rock me gently, and sigh and sigh
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine.
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine.
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
And we rested, as under a bough ;
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee ;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kissed me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me !"

My tears and fears she quelled, mamma,
And she led me far away ;
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb ;
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom ;
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright ;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,
And wondering, around me I gazed and gazed—
And songs I heard, and many beams blazed
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma.
Of white-winged babes to me ;
Their eyes looked love and their sweet lips smiled
And they marveled to meet with an earth-born child,
And they gloried that I from the earth was exiled,
Saying—"Here, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With the cherub and seraphim fair ;
And I saw, as I roamed the regions of peace,
The spirit who came from this world of distress,
And theirs was the joy no tongue can express ;
For they know no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago ?
Oh ! you gazed on the sad, but lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe you could not check :
And your heart was so sore, you wished it would break
But it loved, and you, aye, sobbed on !

But, oh ! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms of unknown care,
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave when
she died ;
For shining with the blest, and adorned like a bride
Sweet sister Jane was there !

Do you mind of that silly old man, mamma,
Who came so late to our door,
And the night was dark, and tempest loud,
And his heart was weak, and his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er ?

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the old man sat on papa's old chair,
While the rain dripped down from his thin gray hair
And fast as the big tears of speechless care,
Ran down from his glazing eye.

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,
Flashed through each trembling eye,
As he told how he went to the baron's stronghold
Saying, "Oh ! let me in, for the night is so cold !"
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep in the world,
For we shield no beggars here."

Well, he was in glory, too, mamma,
And happy as the blest can be ;
He needed no alms in the mansion of light,
For he sat with the patriarchs, clothed in white.—
And there was not a seraph had a crown more bright
Nor a costlier robe than he !

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before ;
For sound was my slumber, and sweet my rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of light was a guest,
And the heart that has throbbed in the climes of the
blest,
Can love this world no more !

New Publications.

The PIONEER FARMER is the name of a new paper published weekly by Hiram Torrey, at Des Moines, Iowa. It looks well and reads well. Price \$2 a year in advance.

THE GRASSHOPPER is a new paper published at Grasshopper Falls, K. T., by S. Ward Smith, and edited by P. A. Cody.

ORAL DISCUSSION. Just published, an oral discussion on Spiritualism, between S. B. Brittan and Dr. D. D. Hanson. 8vo. 145pp. Price, bound, 63 cts ; paper, 38 cts. For sale by S. T. Munson, 5 Great Jones street, New York.

It should be read by every one who wishes to compare the merits of the Spiritual Philosophy with those of the popular Theology.

Church and State.

The man of the Nineteenth Century, whose lot has been cast within those limits characterized by a christian civilization, finds himself the ward of two different institutions, both of which claim to direct his conduct, and supply his most urgent wants. These institutions are the State and the Church. The grounds of their power, and the conditions which give rise to them, deserve to be briefly traced.

The State reposes upon three primary classes of wants, and takes its form from the spontaneous tendency of the race to attain the objects of these wants. The movement is spontaneous, because it arises from no determinate convention among men, and is the result of a natural impulse which cannot wait the tardy processes of calculation and combination.

The first class of wants aims at the attainment of Food, Clothing, and Shelter ; and the gratification of them is sought with all the vehemence that hunger, nakedness, and inclement seasons can inspire. The "first families" of our race, it may reasonably be supposed, had no very definite agreement as to the distribution of the objects that would satisfy these natural demands, and entered into no very extensive partnership for procuring and preparing them.—Even *out of Eden* there were probably roots that could be got with no very severe digging, which needed no cooking in the family kettle ; as well as stronger and better clothing than fig-leaves that might be strung together without a needle, and which devolved no "slop-work" on the younger children. But when the first families began to multiply, which they might possibly have done without any special injunction on the part of the Almighty, the pressure of want would in time develope the sentiment of property, and might also lead to the domestication of animals, to private ownership in land, and to a little fighting among themselves ; when we may suppose, that such of the brethren as were not so fortunate as to meet the fate of Abel, turned in and worked for the Cains *without wages*—a condition of things very strongly resembling Slavery. When now one of the first families had tasted the sweets of a system in which Food and Clothing could be had without labor on the part of the father and eldest sons, the business of Hunting and War must have become presently established ; and it was natural that the family of the Nimrods should become more powerful and numerous than all the rest. If this family with its aristocracy of eldest sons and cousins, and its working brotherhood of slaves, are now supposed to be hemmed in by seas and deserts, so as to constrain it to the cultivation of the land, and to the creation of the arts of the smith, the inventive genius of the slaves would in time develope for the pleasure of the ruling classes, new arts for the production of gewgaws and trinkets, as well as beautiful edifices. Especially would invention flourish in devising new instruments for War and the Chase, and new fabrics for clothing.

Thus among the slave brotherhood there would gradually arise new avocations devoted to special arts ; and those engaged in these arts would become *freemen* by producing articles requiring the unconstrained liberty of mind and body—a concession which even tyrants will grant, when it is essential to their amusement. The diversification of the arts by inventive genius would thus originate a large class that could obtain neither Food, Clothing nor Shelter by direct labor, and that would thus become dependent on the *donations* of the aristocracy, or of the slave brotherhood for these necessities, or on the exchange of their own productions with the members of those two classes, between which as free laborers they would be natural med-

itators. The free laborers would probably be dependent at first upon both these sources—upon gifts, and upon exchange. But in proportion to the multiplication of *free* artisans, the need of exchange would become more and more urgent, because their support from donations would become more and more precarious. In the state of society here supposed, there are three sorts of commodities which will always be considered valuable, and will be acceptable at all times by the slave-holding families and the free laborers; these are

1. Domestic animals, particularly the Horse and the Ox;
2. Slaves;
3. Minerals and metals of intrinsic beauty, such as Gold, Silver, and Gems. These articles will together constitute the first currency in human society, in passing from the nomadic savage state to the civilized condition. In tracing the progress of society from the savage to the civilized state, we are at liberty to draw our illustrations either from the *nomadic* or the *forest* savage. In either case, the transition is possible, human nature being what it is now, only on the supposition of (1) a variety of equal families; (2) a dense population in a confined district; (3) War and Slavery; (4) the emancipation of inventive slaves; (5) the development of free avocations which can be supported by mutual exchange.

The institution of *credit* might originate even thus early in the progress of society; for if the aristocratic master, or the free artisan, could not pay down ox, slave, or golden trinket, he might draw the figure of an ox, the symbol of the *pecus* or herd, upon a slip of bark, and hand it over in pledge of future payment to the seller; both parties would call such currency *pecunia*.

With the development of free avocations with a currency, Civilization in its essential character comes into being. As an existing order it rests upon two conditions: 1 that every member of the system, every one who pursues a calling, shall produce more of one class of commodities than he needs. 2 That he shall produce less of all other commodities than he needs. The supply of the wants of all the parties to civilization, depends therefore on an exchange of commodities through a common medium which is at once *universally acceptable* and a universal *standard of value*. These two qualities, the universal acceptability and the degree of intrinsic value attributed to money, will depend upon the absolute utility of the material used for money, and the comparative value of the kinds of labor prosecuted by the various avocations. If the different kinds of labor prosecuted are estimated to be of widely different values to society, the standard of value for money will depend upon the *intrinsic value and scarcity* of the medium used as money; but if these kinds of labor are considered *equally* valuable to society, then that standard may depend merely upon *convention*. In the first case, the relative value of different kinds of labor, as measured by money, will depend primarily upon the scarcity of money, and secondarily upon the hardship and the amount of the kind of labor performed; in the second case, that relative value will depend almost wholly upon the comparative hardship and quantity of the different sorts of labor, and to no perceptible extent upon the scarcity of money. We merely indicate these qualities in money, to point out the standard by which to measure the advance of civilization; this style of society being in its most immature phase, when the *intrinsic* value of money on the one hand is greatest, and when on the other, there is the greatest possible diversity of value between the different species of labor necessary to community. The goal of the progress of civilization, then, in one direction, is found in the attainment of the minimum intrinsic value to money, together with the greatest possible diversification of industry, and nearest approach to equality in the value of its several varieties.

We have now stated by implication the second great class of wants, which with the first unites to form the basis of the State, or Civil Society. But we will indicate it explicitly.

It is the *want of co-operation in the supply of* all the primary wants specified above; or in other words, a free and just distribution of the functions and rewards of labor.

The third class which the State engages to supply is, protection for person, property, and reputation. This is commonly considered the especial and characteristic function of the State. However that be, the State in this narrow signification, originates simultaneously with civilization, and more in the exigency of the primary wants, and the love of Power, than in the love of Order and Justice. But after the development of a free class in society, through the growth of free avocations, encroachments upon the

rights of person, property, and reputation, must be checked and restrained by the governing class; and above all, the order resulting from a distinction of ranks, must be recognised and enforced. It is only with the very considerable extension of industrial freedom, the very wide diversification of industry, that the rights of persons as individuals become an object of civil charge, and that the State distinctly announces itself as the maintainer of Justice, and the donor of laws and tribunals. But there is no need of an explicit enunciation of the stages by which society reaches this phase; it is enough for our purpose to show the sentiments upon which the State in this phase of its development rests, and the indispensable elements upon which its much-extolled order depends.

In the most refined of the civilized states of Christendom, we recognise the following essential requisites to social order:

1. Compulsory Taxation.
2. The Forcible Collection of Debts.
3. The Unrestrained Monopoly of Land.
4. Vindictive Penalties to Laws.
5. Competitive Industry.

Now whatever be the amount of love and confidence prevailing our present state of society, it is limited on all sides by a sentiment of the profoundest Distrust. This is the *public* sentiment of what we know as society. And it is because this is the case, that Taxation as a civil institution cannot be trusted to voluntary contributions on the part of members, but is enforced with penalties. Where the majority govern, such an institution could not exist a day, if it were not for the most thorough and all-pervading *distrust of man by man*. We do not say that this mutual distrust is not deserved, but we think that in a great measure it supplies the materials on which it feeds.

The Forcible Collection of Debts, again, is an institution resting ultimately on the same basis; and men exchange articles of agreement, and give their notes, not because they trust in each other, but only on the sheriff's baton.

So because they cannot agree to distribute Land according to the wants of families, they allow the craftiest to grasp all they can.

So we hang the murderer, because we have no brotherly faith in the possibility of his redemption, and prefer to act toward him in the same spirit which he manifested toward his victim.

In the same spirit of Distrust, the various Industrial Avocations deal with each other; the value of the labor of some of them being estimated very highly, while an equal amount by others as to its hardship and time spent, is considered of very inferior value. They all *compete* with each other for the highest rewards; the consequence of which is, that some Avocations are paths to comfort and affluence, and others equal necessary to society, are sure guarantees of poverty and wretchedness. The source of this competition and of these evils, manifestly lies in the distrust of the principle of *voluntary co-operation* in industry, and of the possibility of a *conventional distribution of its rewards*.

The State, we have said, proposes to supply some of man's most urgent wants, particularly protection to person, property, and reputation; or more briefly the demand for Order and Justice. Let us see how this pretension is fulfilled.

If a state without Compulsory Taxation would be no state, it is equally true that it must rest upon Competitive Industry; for a society which could inaugurate universal *voluntary co-operation* would in the very process of performing this purpose, extinguish compulsory taxation, the key-stone of the social arch. But Competitive Industry rests on the principle, that there is a scale of values in the varieties of labor performed by different Avocations. Suppose for example, instead of the four hundred and more Avocations of our present civilization, there were but eight necessary to society, and that the rates of their mutual wages were in the ratio of their height in the numerical scale; so that for the same number of individuals Avocation No. 1. received of the annual product of the labor of society one portion, and No. 8. eight similar parts; on these conditions, in a little more than four years, the whole annual product of the community would be due to Avocation No. 8, if each Avocation is not to be paid in kind, but in a currency which is to exchange all commodities, and to depend for its value on its scarcity. In such a society, there would recur a *general bankruptcy* for seventeen eighths of all branches of industry, every four or five years. But the bankruptcy would ensue to the benefit of Avocation No. 8. which in little more than four years would be possessor of something more than a quarter of

all the wealth of the community invested in houses and lands. Competitive Industry, then, is an organised tendency to give a few Avocations the control of the larger part of the more imperishable wealth of society.

This principle is one of the bases of the State. Now when we consider, that in the present order, the Avocations most richly paid are least numerous in members, the masses must take up with the poorly paid callings; and as the inequality in the wages of the several Avocations is an evil that keeps on augmenting, is it surprising that the ratio of the merely *hireling classes* is constantly increasing in proportion to that of the *independent freeholders*? This we find to be the case. Civil society, then, in its very constitution, is an engine for the creation of a countless *proletariat*, a wretched horde of hirelings, whose most conspicuous virtues are Intemperance and Prostitution, whose highest social functions are to perform in the capacity of mobs, and serve as food for pestilence and powder.

The pretensions of the State, then, to protect person and property amount to nothing; for its energies necessarily tend through Competition, to create a constantly increasing poor class, but one degree above that slave class, which we recognise as an element in the inauguration of Civilization. If it necessarily maintains a condition of things in which a destitution of food, clothing, and shelter is inevitable for the masses, its claims to protect person and property are little better than a farce.

We indicate the function of the State in the following assertions. It is an institution designed to support *involuntary co-operation* among men by coercive measures induced by Fear and Distrust. It grows out of the savage and wolfish side of human nature.

Beside the primary wants of Food, Clothing, and Shelter, the want of Mutual Co-operation in industry, and the want of protection of person and property, man has higher needs. These are chiefly, assurance of a future life, knowledge of his source and destiny, a social atmosphere of love and trust, and sympathy with an unlimited brotherhood. Upon the advent of Christianity into the world, it in a very great degree satisfied all these wants. Thus it assured the receiver of its precepts, that he had been created by an all-good Father, that he had a future life, (for which it pledged the *post-mortem life of Jesus*,) surrounded him with a society in which all things were held in common, and supplied him with a brotherhood in which all the tender, truthful love of the family, could be extended even to strangers of a different race and blood. It conditioned all these immense satisfactions on faith in Jesus as a heaven-sent king, and on mutual love between all that accepted the same faith. Along with these positive and blessed assurances for the believer, it menaced the unbeliever with speedy destruction "at the coming of the Lord," and applied the same terror to bind together even the brethren. This was the negative pole of the primitive Christian faith. The primitive church was a society animated by the highest brotherly love ever seen out of the family, awed by the most awful menaces ever addressed to human fear. Its majority were actuated by the three ideas of equality, fraternity, and paternity. Within this range, it was to the last degree uncompromising and exacting. But in less than three centuries, the negative element of its faith had become its animating principle. It lost its Father, and began to worship an Avenging Judge; it lost its brotherhood, ceased to hold all things in common, became distracted with schisms and sects which persecuted and worried each other for the most trifling differences of doctrine, and compromised its morality to extend the power of a mighty organization in which the Clergy were everything, and the Laity nothing. Thence-forward for twelve centuries, the Church was constituted mainly by the Clergy, when it was sundered by a division into the Protestant and Roman faiths; between these is a chasm across which the parties cannot even make their voices heard. It is unnecessary to trace the development of the Church from the time of the Reformation till now. Suffice it to say, that in all its branches, it rests for support upon *conventional dogmas*; and though a tendency to the recognition of the paternity of God is manifestly slowly evolving in society at large, the animating spirit of the more powerful Churches and Sects, is plainly fear. Their Gospel is a menace of Eternal Perdition for the masses, and their brotherhood, unity in schismatic creeds.

Thus the Church in all its divisions, can give no satisfactory warrant for future life, no ground for the unlimited brotherhood of man. It establishes its whole ethical system upon the central idea of escaping the anger of God,

and measures its highest conceptions of reform, by the ex-

tent to which it can carry the acceptance of a dogma.—For natural duties, it recommends a system of dramatic rites, baptisms, sacraments, and prayers; for knowledge of man's source and destiny, it offers speculations upon the divine attributes, and dreams of a Jewish millennium; for unlimited brotherhood, sectarian communion. Its pretensions, therefore, to satisfy the religious wants of man, are as baseless, as they are arrogant and dogmatic. Between the State and Church we discern the following resemblances:

The former by means of Distrust among men, sustains Involuntary Co-operation, and organizes ever-increasing Poverty.

The latter by means of Distrust of the Deity, sustains Sectarian Communion, and diffuses an ever-widening Superstition.

The pretensions of both institutions are, therefore, alike unsatisfactory and illusive. The State cannot satisfy man's physical and industrial necessities without ceasing to be a state, nor the Church his religious wants without ceasing to be a church.

The advent of that Divine Order which is to satisfy all these needs of human nature, and displace both by absorbing the energies of both, is already fore-shadowed. Already the *assurance of another life* has entered human thought and faith as a *fact*. Already, as at the birth of Christianity, it has awakened the demand for unlimited human brotherhood, and this essential religious want, supported by the fact of Immortality, furnishes a basis of universal communion too wide for any conventional dogma to compass. A new religious organic sentiment has appeared among men, which will thaw away the pillars of Church and State, banish Slavery, War, Poverty, Intemperance, and Prostitution, and insure universal justice and peace without the intervention of Sheriff or Priest. In place of universal distrust, there will exist universal love; in place of scowling superstition, there will prevail a cheerful hope. God will be trusted because he is God, and men will hold each other sacred, because they are immortal. Despot, priest, and usurer may withstand the advance of these sentiments, but in spite of themselves they will be transformed into human beings. Scoffers may laugh at the prophecy of a reign of love and truth, but its approach will awe them into sobriety. Surely and steadily as the march of the geologic epochs, will this Divine Social Order come forward, not without moral earthquakes and convulsions, as it displaces the entire structure of organised injustice and iniquity; but as in the geologic progress of the globe, upheavals and fiery explosions, have only prepared the way for the manifestation of verdant plains and forest-crowned mountains, so these moral disturbances shall only hasten that era when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the desert shall blossom as the rose.

GOLDEN OPINIONS.—Infidelity is not, for the most part, unbelief in Christ, but unbelief in the church, discontent and impatience with existing ordinances, as not giving to the world what Christ meant they should give. Some of it is honest—some of it proud and petulant, but all of it shows the force of the drift which *something* is giving to the human mind. And what is this something? What is this unseen force which sweeps over a generation like a mighty cloud, overshadowing every institution, and giving a tone and color to all things? The spirit of the age is the *spirit of God*—the overshadowing of the Almighty.

—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

—The Cuban women have a trait of character so noble, that Mrs. Le Vert cannot refrain from mentioning it: 'They never speak ill of each other, but always find some palliation for the errors of their own sex.' This is a tacit admission that such charity is almost peculiar to the fair Havanese sex.

Let every American woman whose eye falls on the above, ask herself whether she is in the habit of judging her unfortunate sisters mercifully or even justly.

—Years of undiscerning censure, and scarcely less undiscerning homage, are obliterated by the one true vibration from the heart of a fellow man. Then the genius is at home on earth, when another soul knows not only what he writes, but what he felt when he wrote it.—*Margaret Fuller.*

Agitator Communications.

MRS. BROWN—I am glad to greet another number of the Agitator. Glad to know there is sufficient spirituality remaining in the world, to generate agitation. Agitation! Why my dear friend, it is the very Elixir of Life! The one means by which mankind are prevented from retrogression; from lapsing, through utter moral and physical death, into non-existence.

In the scarcely perceptible humanitarian action of preceding ages, the machinery of our moral, social and political fabric, has become clogged with evils and oppressions: many of the wheels have acquired a reverse motion, and we are living the confusion consequent on this disordered action. A thorough search for the cause of the mischief, a thorough repairing of belts, and bolts, and screws, and cogs, and a right application of misapplied power, will be necessary to produce harmony; and through what agitation and toil it must be accomplished!

Think of the physical universe remaining harmonious without some sort of agitation!

The sun would have stood still from Joshua's time to the present. The earth would be as stationary as it was supposed to be before Galileo threw the question of its revolving, like a fireball into the magazine of men's minds. To save his life he had to recant, but the world kept moving, and he knew the world would yet know it.

Fire when once kindled will do its work sooner or later; if kept under for a time, it will burst out afterward with increased power; and if any thing explosive is mingled with the combustibles, obstacles in the way of greater freedom, are in danger of being *blown up*.

A barrel of powder spread over a large surface in the open air, could be burned with no harmful result; but confine it, compress it within a small space in a building, and apply fire to it, and it shatters strong walls and destroys life.

Agitation is not at all dangerous to morality and true religion. Truth takes a firmer foothold under its influence. Blind Bigotry, dull-eyed Conservatism, and cowardly Error, alone have need to fear it.

Jesus, the "Prince of Peace," said he "came not to send peace on earth, but the sword." Rebuke for all sin, for wickedness arrayed in purple and fine linen, and protected by Church and State, cannot be uttered by *modern* agitators in language more scathing, more pointed, or personal, than that he used. Yet it is not asserted that the "fire" he sent could by any possibility light the pyre of Truth, or that Justice and Mercy could melt away in its fervent heat.

Only the effort to *suppress* agitation, produces explosions in which Truth and Right sometimes seem to receive injury.

Lovers of purity have no cause to *fear* the agitation of the marriage question. What though a breeze is raised—a chaos produced for a time? Order will be restored out of chaos, and good result. All friends of true and happy marriage must feel that the ultimate result of such agitation will be to sift out the evils which have crept into the marriage institution; that there *are* such evils, no intelligent person can doubt, and that such a modification of the system as shall help to banish them, will benefit society, is equally self-evident.

Friends of woman's disenthralment and elevation need not fear the cry against the advocates of "Woman's Rights." They have no cause to fear that she will lose any good—any beauty, in the tide that shall lift her from under man's feet, and place her an individual at his side.

So friends of Liberty need not fear the agitation of the Slavery question, though a Sumner is caned. This caning is but a necessary means to the desired end. In truth, I am heartily rejoiced that the chivalrous Southrons have arrived at the point of personally maltreating Northern Senators. It is a sign—a star in the South, which points to the time a little nearer, when millions shall raise their unmanacled hands in thanksgiving to God.

So of all reforms. But (this disjunctive always finds a place, save with the standard-bearers in the moral battle,) reformers are such a little handful compared with "the great populations," that like the wild man of old, every man's hand is against them, and their hand against every man, and hence they take such a fiercely combative stand. They are so continually assaulted, have become so habituated to meeting *attacks*, that some of them lose sight at times of the sweet amenities, and become unbeautiful—seem sometimes like a disturbed porcupine, (I trust I may be pardoned this homely comparison,) whose sharp quills

are presented on every side, wounding *all* who approach. Strong words should be used when occasion calls for them. A decided position should be taken. Sharp repartees and withering sarcasms are sometimes more effective than sober argument; but they are dangerous weapons, and should not be played with.

While we use what discrimination we can between sins and persons, let us have every conceivable question agitated that anywise pertains to human weal. Nothing in the universe is too holy, or too profane, to be brought to the bar of Reason for investigation and judgment.

H. CLOUGH CROUCH.

MY DEAR FRANCES :

Have you seen among the book bantlings, lately issued from the press, "The Unwelcome Child"—the image of a poor, seared, pale and wailing creature, torn from the mother's bosom with groans, as old legends tell us the mandrake was plucked from the earth, and plunged with pain into a life grudged in every beat?

It is a sad picture—a revolting one it must be to many—a greatly distorted one it will be to some; but all will see through these mists the struggle of a great, a true, a tender and paternal soul, to embody the thought that was dropped from Heaven into its innermost consciousness. Therefore let us think what we will of some things in it, our respect cannot be withheld.

The image of that sad child of force on one side and sullen revolt on the other, is one to haunt, to startle and waylay, in a manner one cannot get rid of, even though the communications made privately to the author by women in reference to their husbands, are of a nature to strike terror and disgust to the hearts of "true women," and make men fear the treachery of those they take to their bosoms, even as *they* have been feared and deemed untrue to the holiest idea of home and marriage.

Both must be true in the least and the greatest, before the "welcome child" with its fair brow bound with lilies and tender violets in its dimpled hands, will float down to them on bright wings from the unseen Paradise, bringing to them its odor and beauty, its joy and peace. Neither must men or *women* be "disgusting sensualists," mercenary traders in marriage and its uses; for it is useless to blink the fact that there are as many of these last among women as men. On page fifty-first, our author says, "Woman would find rest and fullness of joy in man. She rushes to him as to her tower of strength, to shelter and be sheltered. A love that knows no fear, a trust that fears no danger, lay her in his bosom." A few women do this, and a precious few men, appreciate and respond to such devotion. Many of both, outlive their trust and find their holiest hopes belied. I know not on which side the balance falls, nor does it matter. I have seen delicate and tender flowers of trust, love, hope, spring in a man's heart, to be crushed by a cold, a mercenary, perhaps a sensual woman. Every one may have seen the reverse. There are also numberless cases of utter disappointment, when neither was in fault. Let woman answer to God and her own soul, whether her appeal has been, during courtship and in her extreme girlhood, to his baser nature. Was it always to his better manhood? and who are they that shall not reap as they have sown? Who has not known women, who from some cause had lost the aptitude for love and true maternity, spreading the grossest snares for "man's baser nature," that they might gain the home and position marriage would give them? Who also has not seen all that the author describes as with a pen of fire?

With this slight demur from the tone of the book in general, I would pray that it might sink into every heart, as it must into those who like Abou Ben Adhim, love God as he is embodied in Humanity.

The "crime of earth," the "deed without a name," is indeed an "enforced maternity." And the murder of a child in any stage of its formation, is the last crime of tortured womanhood.

May this book cleanse the Augean stable of marriage from all its foulness, and then may the peace of God descend upon all who have been partakers in its sufferings and iniquities, either ignorantly or sinfully.

So mote it be! and it will be, if these words from a generous and enlightened mind are truly heeded. E.

—Is there no connection between your use and this abuse? Look down into that swamp of beastliness, that pool of loathsome intemperance. Did it spring up spontaneously there? No, it has been fed by rills trickling from heights of respectability, and through marble aqueducts of fashion.—E. H. Chapin.

The Agitator.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Editor.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, JULY 1, 1858.

Notices.

The Friends of Progress will hold a meeting in Geneva, Ohio, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 30th and 31st, of July, and 1st day of August.

Mrs. L. V. HART, WARREN CHASE, H. F. M. BROWN, and other speakers will be present. The friends of Reform are invited to attend the meeting.

There will be a Grove Meeting near the village of Fitchville, Ohio, on Sunday, the 25th of July.

Mr. B. P. BARNUM and Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN are expected to speak.

Notes by the Way.

DEAR READER—I little dreamed, a month ago, of sending you my blessing from the green prairies of Illinois, yet I am here writing and talking.

Rest, just now, is what I most need; but I go upon the principle that "labor is rest." One hardly feels like folding the hands, when from the East and the West comes the Macedon cry, "Come over and help us!" This seems like the Springtime of the Spirit. The Master is sending out the laborers to break up, to sow and to plant. Blessed are they that are brave and strong-handed, for great is the work and few the workers.

When I left Cleveland, the elements were in terrible commotion; but within all was calm, for an angel had spoken "peace" to the winds and the waves in the Soul-land. My first speaking place was

YPSILANTI, MICH.,

a large town, or a small city, on the Michigan Central Road. An angel friend said, "Mr. S. would meet me at the cars," and his "gentle little wife" would give me a generous welcome.

It was even so. So home-like and harmonious a house I have seldom found. May no serpent find its way into that bower of love and beauty.

The Harmonialists have respectable congregations in Ypsilanti. Some of the best minds are among those who have been denominated Infidels. They are now looking hopefully to Spiritualism to light them out of the midnight darkness into a glorious immortal day.

Materialists are soon to be found among the earnest, true-hearted Spiritualists. They are already divested of the theological myths and dogmas to which three-fourths of the Spiritualists are still clinging.

I passed a few *stormy* days very *pleasantly* in

JACKSON, MICH.

The congregations there are small from the fact that many of the lovers of our better faith are Nichodemites. But those who refuse to wear the chains of custom—who have sufficient strength and dignity to stand alone—are people of integrity and intelligence. They are a nucleus around which the thinking souls will rally. They will link hands and together work for the uprearing of the Truth-temple.

I met in Jackson Mrs. D. Eastman, of Albion. She is a speaking medium, and gives promise of great usefulness. We spoke together in Jackson, Merango, Hickory Grove, and Marshall. Most of the evenings were starless and stormy; but the people came out, some from a great distance, to hear from the Spirit world. The soul has been starving upon theological husks. No wonder then they come out in search of bread. I hope we shall be too generous to give them "stones."

My friend, Mrs. Eastman, took me to her happy Albion home, where I could rest, talk, and write a few items for the Agitator. I gave three lectures in

ALBION,

to which the people listened with a good degree of patience. There is here a fine, new hall. The proprietor, an Anti-Spiritualist, opened it to me gratuitously. I trust the reader will not infer that this brother is a representative of Albion outsiders. There is more intolerance here than in most places. So long as a person subscribes to the creeds of the Church, and wears uncomplainingly the priestly yoke, he is a good, sensible soul; but let him put off the fetters and preach freedom to the spirits in prison

and he is forthwith a "blasphemer," a "speaker of lies," and, worst of all, a "heretic." Several who have been church members, know by *experience* the consequence of preaching uncanonical doctrines.

MARSHALL

is a fine, flourishing town. We spoke twice in the Marshall House Hall. The audiences were of the investigating class; free to accept the right—free to reject the wrong. Some of our hearers listened attentively through the half-opened door of the ante-room, and gazed at us deliberately through opera-glasses.

Loring Doney, an earnest, honest Spiritualist, is a strong pillar in the reform temple. He wishes *good* speakers to remember in mercy poor, benighted Marshall.

Mrs. Eastman spoke entranced in

HARMONIA,

a little village in one corner of Battle Creek. The Bedford institute is located there. Messrs. Cornell and Lyman and Miss S. C. Hill are the teachers. The school merits the patronage of the public. Harmonia and Battle Creek are the homes of some of the best speakers and worthiest reformers. Warren Chase, S. C. Hewett, Sojourner Truth and J. M. Peebles, have homes in these places. All may be addressed Battle Creek.

CHICAGO

came next on my list. To me it was an unexplored country, but one who preceded me said, "You will meet a warm welcome in Chicago, and find a good home at Mr. K.'s." She spoke truly.

Chicago has been called "icy;" but the few warm days must have had a charming effect upon the city, for the people seemed as warm and genial as a cloudless June day. The Spiritualists have the finest hall in the city, and I doubt your finding in any church more talent and refinement. I observed in the congregation several lawyers and doctors of some considerable distinction. The inimitable Winchell, the original Seth Paine, Judge Enos, the Higgins Brothers and the Sister Libbie—a band of sweet singers. They were formerly called the Colombians. They sing gratuitously at the Spiritualists' meetings, harmonizing elevating and divinizing the listeners. Libbie is going forth, singing in the world's wilderness, "Prepare ye the way for the in ushering of the glorious gospel day." Every true heart will welcome her and strong hands will uphold her. But dearer hearts than all these greeted and gladdened my soul. Dear familiar faces helped compose my congregation; those I had known in the long ago. They brought back memories both pleasant and sorrowful; but for the shadows and the sunshine alike I give thanks.

A gentleman to whom I was introduced at Chicago, invited me to his home at

GAGE'S LAKES.

I did not ask an endorsement of his social or religious standing. He made no such demands upon me. He knew I had great need of a few days of quiet, and that his house was just the place for me. I thought so too, and I bless the stars that brought me here, for it is a land of great beauty. Mine host has a little farm of one thousand acres of prairie. From the observatory of his barn, I looked ten miles Westward, and counted four silvery lakes scattered about and three church steeples. God is worshipped here in temples of his own building.

The day before I was to leave the Lakes, my friends proposed a meeting. "There is no time for notice," I said. Whereupon two black-eyed boys came forth and put themselves upon the committee of arrangements. After a little consultation, the boys ordered a pair of ponies saddled, and they were soon away over the prairies, announcing a meeting. At evening the schoolhouse was filled with as intelligent an audience as one meets in a long day's journey.

I had nearly forgotten to introduce my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gage. They are brother and sister-in-law of Mrs. Frances D. Gage, and parents of Jerod Gage, who had the honor of being expelled from Antioch College for his great freedom of speech.

JOLIETT, ILL., June 1st.

How came I here, when I should be in Cleveland, to send out the Agitator? An angel marked thus my path, and I find it a pleasant way.

The day I arrived in Chicago, Mrs. H., a stranger friend, called to see me. Before she left, she said, "You will remain three weeks in Chicago; meantime you will go to Joliette. Mrs. F. will be here on Sunday and invite you." Mrs. F. was at the meeting and did invite me here. At

first it seemed quite impossible to accede to her wishes, but a letter arrived opportunely, which changed the aspect of affairs, and I am here enjoying the beauties of the Prairie City, and the hospitality Mrs. F. has in store for those who are so fortunate as to fall in her way.

I have spoken twice here. The congregations are small, but intelligent. The Court was in session, and the lawyers listened to me, and some of them subscribed for the Agitator.

How changed the times? A woman in the Court House, talking about Justice, quoting from Blackstone and the Bible, and the lawyers listening in silence! A lady on the second evening came up to the clerk's desk with pen and paper, and reported the lecture in short hand. I admired her independence as well as her ability as reporter.

A sad event occurred over the way yesterday.

A woman opened to herself the gate of death. She had been wealthy, beautiful, and strong-hearted; but adversity and —— chilled her warm heart, and life became a grievous burden. She had a large family of little ones, more than there was room for at the hearth and the board. When another child was asking room, the mother, in the agony of her woman's soul, loosed the life-links, and went to the upper courts, where God's law is not held in derision.

I wish every mother, and father, and child, in all this wide world, would read Henry C. Wright's "Marriage and Parentage."

I am about turning toward the rising sun.

You may look for further notes, if the dear God has so decreed.

Puffing.

We have been listening to a private lecture upon the advantages derived from the puffing system.

The speaker said "that to be successful in any new thing, puffing was all important. Concerters, lecturers, dancers, authors, editors and venders of quack medicines, all understood that the secret of success consisted of publishing their own praises.

We, a novice in the way to the heart of the popular world, had supposed that true merit had a firm basis whereupon to stand. "So it has," said our friend, the lecturer; but there it may stand and *starve*, if no tramp sounds its name abroad. "But then," we added, "there is danger in saying too much; the people will be nauseated by an over dose of self-adulation—say *just enough*, then stop." These hints were given for our especial benefit.

We sent forth the Agitator, unannounced, unendorsed, to do its work—to be a *self-supporter*. It asks no charity; it has no claim upon the public, any farther than a mutual exchange of goods.

Thus far it has been kindly received. It has blessed us by the blessing bestowed upon it. Kindly greetings have come to us; and the hands of earnest workers have been proffered as aids.

But we will try to profit by the hints given in the lecture by allowing the Agitator, like sentimental school girls, to tell what *great* people say of it, hoping not to nauseate "by an over dose." It would be reasonable to suppose that Spiritual papers have spoken well of our enterprise; but this has not always been the case. The only *unkind* cut we have received has come from our "household of faith." Let that pass. People are not expected to repeat the bad things said of them.

The 'puffs' we copy are from anti-spiritual papers. To us they preach their beautiful gospel of toleration.

"THE AGITATOR.—This is the title of a neat monthly paper just started in this city, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. It is devoted to Spiritualism, and must speedily gain many admirers among the believers in that doctrine. Mrs. Brown wields a graceful, candid, and scholarly pen, and is certainly a sincere and able advocate of her cause. Let us look this matter thoroughly over ere we condemn it by wholesale denunciation."—*Plain Dealer*.

"THE AGITATOR, is the name of a new Monthly, just commenced in Cleveland, Ohio, edited and published by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Its title is not a misnomer, although the Journal is not an earthquake, nor "a tempest in a teapot," but the exponent of a great earnest soul, that is fully emancipated from all the chains and clogs of a false and preverted past, and that aspires to achieve for herself and her sex, the destiny of freedom—and for the human race, the highest social and spiritual good. We cannot commend it too earnestly to the patronage of the thinking and hopeful minds."—*The Movement, (N. Y.)*

"THE AGITATOR.—We acknowledge the receipt of the first number of a Monthly Journal, called the 'Agitator,' published at Cleveland, Ohio, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and which is devoted to an elucidation of subjects connected with Spiritual Philosophy and Social Reform.

'The Agitator' is a publication, judging from the number before us, creditable alike to the head and heart of its talented editor, Mrs. Brown. Hope, Faith, and Love, blended with a firm belief in the ultimate triumph of Right over Wrong, are scattered like fragrant flowers in every sentence, as it comes welling up from the heart of a true, good woman, as she plants her feet firm upon the principles of Truth and Justice, and dares to do the Right in opposition to the sneers of the ignorant—the malice of the envious.

There is such a freshness and vigor in many of the articles in this little work, that we cannot refrain from making one or two extracts. And although the *views* of Mrs. Brown may not find a large crowd of admirers, yet the energy and force with which she battles for human progress, will give her the active sympathies of all reformers.

—Michigan City Enterprise.

Extracts from Letters.

"I have often wanted to answer the question of your correspondent, 'B. W. R.'—'Why are not men as religious and devotional as women?' The greatest reason is, in my opinion, that our Theology does not supply them with a *female* Deity to *call out* their devotion; and they cannot feel the same devotion for a *male* God and *male* Savior which is inspired in woman for the male God 'made and provided.'

Look at the devotion of Catholic men, compared with that of Protestant men. They have a female to worship, (Mary, the mother of Jesus,) and I have often wished there was a mother as well as a father in the orthodox Godhead.

S. S.

"I was cast a fledgling upon the cold sympathies of worldly friends. When disease added to the blight of un- found and ever-seeking love, no one asked or thought if the poor, wrecked, deformed one, needed maternal, paternal, social, *any* loves; never thought the silent fires were burning in my spirit; that they needed same soul-food, some intellectual aliment. But through the blessed Spiritual faith, a new life is coming to me. My orphanage is nearly past. The home I have yearned for will yet be mine. Four walls do not constitute a home, and the soul can rear its own temple in the regions of space, there build its altar of love, and through the sacred law of affinity its own will meet to worship."

M.

"Dear Carrie Lewis' letter finds a deep but inexpressible response in my heart of hearts. The angels know how deeply I love the divine that lives in her pure life; a heaven of peace and rest is being prepared for her as well as for many more, among whom stands prominently our dear brother, Joseph Treat, whom I have longed and desired to greet with love and good cheer, wishing him God-speed in his journey and in his life-toils for our common humanity.

Was there ever a time when it required so much courage to live on this earth and live truly? to live our own lives independently of customs, and habits, and fashions? Dangerous times these, when one is in danger of being fined, imprisoned, and treated with all manner of contumely only for acting in accordance with the great laws of universal existence. Have *you* courage, my sister, and you, my brother, to face all the antagonistic forces which are combined to act against those who would live truly and purely a life in advance of the generality of people by whom we are surrounded? For one I can say I have great faith and much courage to work on, knowing the same power which has brought me so much of life, joy and glorious liberty, (sacred liberty,) is able to accomplish all, even mine and your complete redemption.

Wishing you prosperity, I am

E. W. D.

WISCONSIN, Iowa.

MRS. BROWN—To-day's mail brought to us No. 4 of the Agitator, and gave us the first intimation of its existence. I observed nothing striking in the contents of that number, save in its spirit, which suits me.

Your answer to "At H. P." under the caption, "Am I a Free Lover," I admire much.

It reminded me of the test question almost invariably propounded to us in the dawn of the present Anti-Slavery Question, to wit: "Do you believe the bible?" If the

ultraist who should presume it wrong to chattleize one of African descent, should say "Yes!" the sanctified Bible worshipper might condescend to hear him. But should he answer "No!" or modify "Yes!" in the least, even the truth from him could not be received.

In slave States there is another test question, "Do you believe in Slavery?"

The principle is the same in all these cases. I will answer no such questions when *impertinently* put. And I was glad to see you refuse to bow before the confessional.

I did not intend to write a sermon; but only to congratulate you in your noble efforts for Humanity—for Truth.

When I see a person "read" out of a party, sect, or any other class of persons, for teaching or believing heresy, or bad doctrine, there is something in my nature to cause rather a prejudice in their favor. And when I saw the action of the Ravenna Convention of Spiritualists, last year, towards you, it awakened in me an increased interest in your labors.

Those large gatherings are always conservative. They do not always pray for the whole truth, but seem to be actuated with a determination to render themselves and their views popular, and generally have trouble in silencing ultraists.

I have my own views of human relations, sometimes hear some of them proclaimed in the pulpit, rum-shop, theatre, &c. Sometimes and oftener in Reform papers, Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights, Spiritual, and Free Love papers.

It would be improper in me, if critically questioned, to simply say, Yes! I believe in Temperance, Woman's Rights, Spiritualism, or Free Love; or to say No! either. What is Temperance? Who is to define it? What is Spiritualism? and whose ideas of Free Love am I to say Yes! to? and whose No! Or rather, whose idea is to be taken as the Free Love idea?

I am not only ever ready to give my views on any subject, but am glad to do so.

I am called a Spiritualist, a believer in Woman's Rights, etc., etc. But I ignore the idea of receiving any of those general titles.

Excuse my random jottings.

J. P. D.

—The following was one of the toasts at a late printer's festival out West:—"Woman! Heaven's best gift to man; his Pandora, or casket of jewels; his confectionary shop, or stick of rock-candy; his otto of roses, or sugar-coated pill. Her presence, the best of company; her voice, the sweetest music; her smiles, his brightest moments; her kiss, the guardian of his innocence: her arm, the pale of his safety; her lips, his most faithful counsellors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares."

"Woman! Heaven's best gift to man;" but he must be her *protector*. "His casket of jewels:" so he must cage her, lest his 'jewels' be stolen. "Her presence, the best company."

Do not let Woman go to the ballot-box; she would be ruined in the company of her *worshippers*. The jurors box would contaminate her. She should not go to Congress, it would ruin her character to associate with Congressmen. She must not preach; the pulpit was made for men. She must not do anything that will bring her into the society of men; even the printer is shocked when she becomes a "devil."

"Her arm, the pale of his safety;" Women must go *armed* if they would be saved from the dear souls they are saving. "His counsellor!" yet she, if married, does not own her shoes; her day's toil is the husband's. "His counsellor!" was a woman ever regarded worthy the name by the law-maker? Would she be admitted a "counsellor" at the Bar? Was a woman, in Republican America, ever tried by her peers?

"Her bosom his softest pillow!" How we women are honored! Did Eve dream that her daughters would ever rise to the sublime dignity of "otto of roses," "rock candy," and "soft pillows?"

Editorial Items.

Editor World's Paper. Thank you for requesting the "exchange." We thought we sent you the Agitator.

Warren Chase will spend the month of July in Ohio. He may be addressed Cleveland.

The Reformers are promising themselves a glorious Jubilee in Auburn on the 3d and 4th of July. The girds willing, we hope to be there in company with a few of the Chicago friends.

Spiritualism Accords with Christianity.

Spiritualism strips Christianity only of the mythology which has been entangled with it, and has prevented its growth, as vile weeds choke the precious plants. The world has assumed more for Christ than he assumed for himself. It has invested him with a mythological character, super-human, miraculous, * * * The popular theology teaches us to rely on the person, Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate God, instead of relying on the *truths* he uttered.—They forget that Christ himself has said, "It is not I that Judge you, but the words that I speak, that is, the truths that I utter, that shall judge you at the last day." We shall all be judged by absolute truth and universal law, and this we cannot evade. Before this judgment seat we are tried daily, and receive our sentence and our punishment. God's court is always in session, and his laws are as irrevocable in their execution as in their legislation and decision. If we transgress physically, intellectually or morally the laws of our well-being, or the harmonic conditions of life, we must suffer the consequences of these infractions, and no prayers can prevent it. We may pray, and go forth from such prayers stronger and abler to overcome our weak points; but having once sinned the consequences will follow. No remedial agent, or saying grace, or Christ's blood, will ever save any one from the legitimate effects of causes. All that Jesus meant to convey was that the truths he had taught would purge any one from all miseries and all mischiefs.—[Elkins.]

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN :

MY SISTER—I have been privileged with the perusal of several of your excellent papers. I believe the questions therein discussed, lie at the foundation of all true reform.

I would fain co-operate, though impotently, with the noble band of spirits, celestial and terrestrial, who are laboring to upheave the massive clouds of darkness and ignorance, that the true God-light may shine therein *savagely*.

I like your paper: its earnest, vivid and unfettered spirit, invites my subscription to aid in bringing the waves of agitation to stir the too calm and tideless waters of this place.

I will not ask that blessings may attend thee, or joys continuously cluster, for I know the fiat of unchanging law has gone forth: that "*it is blessed to give*." Therefore art thou blessed, and an incense of *workful* prayer from numerous souls, who catch the glimpse of Freedoms heights, shall encircle thee—and all co-workers—forming a strong magnet for angelic influx, in whose light thou shalt see light, and from whose armory thou shalt buckle on the breast-plate of Truth, and go forth energized to do battle with the hosts of superstition and popular wrong.

Fraternally thine, D.

Higgins Brothers, Chicago, Ill., have the Agitator for sale.

We have just returned from the West. Correspondents will soon hear from us. Thanks for the good wishes and for the "material aid" that awaited our coming. Several cutting criticisms upon our *creed* and course of action will receive due attention.

Speak your thoughts, friends! We only ask JUSTICE!

"VERITAS."—The printer in moving, mislaid your article. Please re-write it and it shall be more carefully treated.

Special Notice.

Mrs. BROWN:—I am requested, by the friends of Progress and Reform, to make the following appointments through the AGITATOR; and to extend a cordial invitation to speakers from abroad, to attend and aid in rolling on the mighty ear of Emancipation; and with God's truths, to unbind the captive souls, and let the oppressed go free! There will be a meeting in the grove at Thompson Center, Geauga County, on Sunday, July 17th, and a two-day's meeting in the Grove of B. Johnson, in Middlefield, Saturday and Sunday, August 28th and 29th. We hope these meetings may be what the times demand.

S. P. LELAND.

Windsor, O. June, 1858.

We will be with you friends.—Ed.

VERY TRUE.—A quarrel is like a spark, which cannot be produced without as flint a well as a steel; either of them may hammer on wood forever, no fire will follow.

Agitator Communications.

April 7th, 1858.

MRS. BROWN—I have just received the Agitator for this month, and by it, as well as by other papers, I observe that the subject of Free Love continues to excite attention. Your course upon this subject I think is the right one. Your opinions are your own private property, as much as your bonnet or shawl, and your patrons, actual or contingent, have no right to demand of you the one, more than they have the other. It appears to me you have the right to dispose of all such articles as you please and when you please. A moment's reflection, I presume, will satisfy your correspondent of the truth of this position.

Much is said on this subject of free love; and many appear to be very much shocked with it, simply, as I think, because they do not understand it. The celebrated Dr. Young, author of "Night Thoughts," says that "hunger and love are foreign to the will." This is true. We have no more command over our affections than we have over our appetite.

Talk as we please, we love what is lovely, and hate what is hateful, not because *we will to do so*, but because we are compelled to do so.

I love nice ripe peaches, and several other nice kinds of fruit; and I love several of my friends, male and female; I can't help but love them. To my soul and my understanding these are lovely objects, and therefore I love them by a necessity of my nature. It is as natural for me to love these objects as it is for the river to flow down stream, or the grass to grow amid summer showers and sunshine.

Some months ago I found an article in the Boston Investigator on the subject of free love, and cut it out and pasted it in my scrap book. I think it a sensible article and therefore send you a copy of it. You may publish it if you think best.

One fact to which the writer refers, namely: the vast amount of prostitution, public and private, in our cities and towns, growing out of the marriage relation as it now exists, inclines me to recommend to those who are so much shocked at free love, and are so much disposed to crucify all who favor it, a certain passage in the New Testament in these words: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, let me pull the mote out of thine eye, and behold a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite! first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." Free love may be very bad for aught I know, for I know nothing of it practically, but if it is worse than the state of things growing out of the marriage relation as it now exists, it must be bad indeed.

One prominent feature of the free love system, as I understand it, is this: that inasmuch as men and women are allowed to make marriage contracts, they should be allowed to *unmake* them. In other words, to let men and women manage their own affairs in their own way, in matters of matrimony as well as in every thing else. The laws allow me and my wife to buy a farm, and they allow us to sell it. They allowed us to enter into marriage partnership whenever we saw fit; why bind us to live together, when to do so would sacrifice all our comfort and happiness? You might as well tie up a cat and dog in the same bag. Much scratching and tearing out of eyes is usually the result in both these cases.

An acquaintance of mine took me to task several times for wearing a beard. At length I told him I would make a bargain with him; that if he would allow me to attend to my own business during the little remnant of life that was left me, I would permit him to attend to his. I am inclined to adopt the same policy in these matrimonial affairs—that is, let men and women manage them in their own way.

These are my views. If I am wrong, try my good friend to lead me into the right. But here now is the article above referred to. I give it to you just as I found it:

From the Boston Investigator.

FREE LOVE.

MR. EDITOR—In your paper of Aug. 26th, "an old man" charges upon Spiritualism certain acts or professions of free love, as though the latter was an adjunct or component part of Spiritualism. Many entertain this erroneous idea, but the two *isms* have no identity in any respect whatever. Spiritualism universally recognizes the right of every individual to do his own thinking; hence as Spiritualists tolerate free thought and discussion, they are more

likely to examine free love theories than those who have not been emancipated from the thraldom of mental bondage.

But in arguing that free love allows the changing of husbands and wives at pleasure, and thus breaking up family relations, involving disgrace, &c., the "old man" shows himself entirely ignorant of the whole theory. Free love dispenses with marriage entirely; and were mankind perfect enough to enjoy such a system without abuse, they would find the reform a most valuable one. The cardinal doctrines of free love are founded on the text of scripture which says that "in heaven they are neither married nor given in marriage, but every one is as the Sons of God," and hence seeks to bring heaven here upon earth. It supposes that every man and woman have a natural right to seek out their own attractions; that every woman should control her own maternity; that no right exists to compel her to bear children against her wishes, or that a man she repels should be the father of her children.

In the marriage relation, the "bad bargains" the "old man" speaks of. We know that violence to the affections is in thousands of instances committed, making marriage nothing better than legalized prostitution, and filling the earth with beings wretched and deformed, both in body and in mind, as the results of such an impure and unholy state of conjugal bondage.

Free love looks with eyes of pitying grief upon the immense numbers of shameless prostitutes, whose condition is made such by our arbitrary system of marriage; nor are the thousands of virtuous ladies whose hopes of a conjugal state have been blighted by mere etiquette or arbitrary custom, any less the objects of its commiseration. And when we consider the vast improvement which might be attained in the raising of children, and bring about happier unions, it seems to me no wonder that the reformer and philanthropist should see in free love theories a great desideratum to be attained.

Yours truly,

EXAMINER.

Portage, Ohio. Sept. 10, 1857.

Now, to give force and effect to the above facts and reasoning, so clearly and appropriately expressed, I propose to conclude this article by extracts from two of the finest Poets of the English language, viz: Pope and Shenstone.

Pope, in his Eloisa to Abelard, writes thus:

"Oh happy state! when souls each other draw:
When love is liberty and nature's law;
All then is full, possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss, (if bliss on earth there be,)
And once the lot of Abelard and me."

Alas, how changed! What sudden horrors rise!" &c.
He that is in the mood for weeping, may read the whole of this sad tale. The following beautiful extract from Shenstone shows how little it is in our power to control our passions—our sorrows as well as our loves:

"Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;

*She was fair; and my passion begun,
She smiled; and I could not but love;
She was faithless, and I am undone.*"

If you would have a feast, you may read the whole of this poem. I will give you only the four last lines:

"Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it began;
How she smiled, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I was undone."

If we violate the laws of nature we shall suffer, just as certainly as the river flows down by the force of attraction or the grass grows amid summer showers and sunshine.

Some men take the whole of the bible and think it the Word of God. I pity such. There are others who throw the whole bible away, and can see no good in it. I pity these too. I would fain take the good I find in the bible, and reject the bad, just as in other books.

Jesus and his followers taught much truth and much error. They were men; and like other men, were right and sometimes wrong. I believe they were honest and wished to do good.

I like what Paul says in the following words:

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not provoke, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, *but rejoiceth in the truth.* Beareth all things—believeth all things—hopeth all things—endureth all things. Charity never faileth. And now abideth faith, hope, charity—these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

I would say, let us eschew our prejudices and follow after truth. I would throw away an error, even if it were six thousand years old. Why should we love one truth and hate another? Will truth hurt us? Are not all truths eternal? I do not recommend free love, for I cannot tell what might result if it were carried into practice; but I am not disposed to be alarmed at it, but would examine it, and compare it with the present system. If it is bad, let us reject it; if good, adopt it.

X.

LAONA, CHATAUQUE CO., N. Y., June 10th, 1858.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN:

Though you are ever so much of a stranger to me, please let me waive that point, and speak just as my soul feels. Let me express my heart-joy, my blessings, my *love*; for I do *know* that I *love* you.

I have by accident come recently in possession of the first number of "The Agitator." It is noble, brave, and true; and I verily *adore* the soul who can firmly stand by the truths of to-day, which it advocates, undaunted by the oppression, the persecution, the calumny, of its opposers.

Are principles, which are as eternal as God, to be forever crushed to earth by false conditions, and held there by conservatives? No! not if souls brave as your own will come to their rescue.

I glory that woman is so *strong*, as well as brave to meet the wrong and uproot its evil influences. My heart goes with you in your blessed labor; I say blessed are those who sacrifice the world's smiles, and blandishments, and caresses, for its divine truths, its revilings, its abuses—blessed are they who are "worthy to suffer"—blessed *thrice* blessed and holy is life, exalted above wrong and falsehood, above the unhallowed masquerade of the world. The shams of civilization have too long prostituted our souls' holiest aspirations; its mock virtue, its mock morality, its mock christianity, have too long bound us in the valley and shadow of darkness. Souls starving for truth, are famishing on the husks of falsehood. The garb of respectability, the mantle of piety, are thrown over the worst wrongs that earth's children ever endured. But, thank Heaven, these borrowed robes cannot always hide this multitude of sins beneath their folds.

Shall not humanity pass from under the thick shadows of wrong that are drawn so gloomily around her soul? Me-thinks I see feeble sunbeams struggling through the clouds that mantle her sky, which herald forth a glorious day. In that day the laborer shall wear the diamond crown of truth, and its value mayhap will be appreciated, but does not the laborer wear the crown to-day? Does he not abundantly reap his reward to-day in the blessed consciousness of being faithful in the discharge of holy duties? The soul's own consciousness is its richest reward.

Please accept much love and many good wishes for yourself and "Agitator." LYDIA L. A. D. ANDREWS.

— That character which fits us for the largest and purest enjoyment here, and tends to make this life agreeable, is what will serve us best hereafter.—[Geo. Stearns.

— We go to the grave of a friend, saying, "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."

— Many a true heart that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving world.

— There is a wondrous hidden life within us all, deeper and truer than that of which we have an every-day understanding and consciousness.—[Grace Greenwood.

— All operations of the mind are, in their highest and purest sense, the relations of one spirit to all other spirits of the Infinite.

The Children's Corner.

DEAR BOYS—Before you march for Independence—before you waste your powder or fire-crackers in celebrating the 4th of July—read the poem below, written for you by a friend of the Slave.—*Ed. Agitator.*

For the Agitator.

The American Boy.

PART I.

BY J. H. HEWIT, ESQ.

Father, look up and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies;
These pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies.
It is my country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's wave, in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might.

Father, what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering on the clouds?
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?
It is the voice of cannonry;
The glad shout of the free;
This is a day to memory dear—
Tis Freedom's Jubilee.

I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don't you?
I'm getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many days like this!
Shout ye aloud, my boy!

Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee!
God bless our native land;
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand.
Well done, my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell,
Is paradise on earth.

PART II.

BY J. H. PHILLO.

But, father, see that colored boy,
Scarcely as big as I;
What makes him struggle with the crowd,
And beg so hard, and cry?
I hardly know, myself, my son,
What trouble there can be;
Perhaps he's guilty of some crime—
We'll walk along and see.

And there's a colored woman, too,
How sad she looks, and old;
See those base ruffians grasp her hands!
Villains! let go your hold!
Hush! hush, my child! you must not call
These worthy people knaves!
This is the *Marshall* with his men—
Those colored folks are *slaves*.

Slaves, father? tell me what are slaves!
Are they guilty folks, or mad?
More sorrowful than crazed they seem,
Less criminal than *sad*.
Slaves, my dear, are folks, like us,
Although their skin is black;
These have escaped from slavery—
They've come to take them back.

But, father, what is slavery?
I do not understand;
Is it some monster of the deep,
Or wild beast on the land?
'Tis neither, child, 'tis servitude,
'Tis bondage without end;
'Tis unpaid toil beneath the lash—
Now, do you comprehend?

What laws allow the tyrant thus
To check the bondman's flight?
Do Gods so holy, just and true,
Proclaim the dark deed right?
O, no, my son, by God's great gift,
All equal are, and free.
Our country's laws withhold from these
This boon of Liberty.

Father, this country is not free—
The land that gave me birth,
With all its pride and pageantry,
Is the *vilest spot on earth*.
Bold words, my boy, but truly said—
This country is *not free*;
Its boast to-day—this grand parade,
Is solemn mockery.

I wish that I was *now* a man,
I'd lift my voice up too,
And shame this base hypocrisy;
But, father, why don't you?
I'm getting old, my voice is weak,
My heart has lost its joy;
Your conversation makes me sad;
But you may shout, my boy.

Behold Oppression's Jubilee!
Shame on this guilty land;
Brave words for freedom grace its lips,
Oppression stains its hand.
Well done, my boy, grow up and love
The good of *human* kind;
And in the coming future's store
Rich blessings you shall find.

Little Flora Hews.

Little Flora Hews has given her mother another communication from her spirit home. It will be read with interest by all mothers who have darlings in the angel-land. "Flora" is the daughter of S. C. Hewitt, formerly editor of the *New Era*.

Matty is her Aunt, Mrs. Bickford. "Phrony" is Sophrona Butler, the daughter of John Spear. "Ma Peck" is the mother of Mrs. Hewitt.—*Ed.*

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS—FLORA TO HER MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER—I am so glad to see you. I am sitting right down in your lap, didn't you know it? I AM, and you must PLAY you see me, because I don't like for you not to know me. I am your little Julia Harem Hewitt. Going to Heaven don't change my name, does it? I hope not, cause I like my name real well, for it pleased you, didn't it mother? and then Starrie's dear little lips spoke it. Father when he was tired wanted me to get up in his lap and rest him. I do come every day, and sit up in his lap, and I do kiss you, and Eddie, and Mary, and Henry, and Starrie, and I do kiss the milkman, too. I wish I could make him know it. Ma Peck says he will know me in Heaven, and he will remember all the kisses my little spirit gave him, when he was here. Tell Aunt Matty that I do love her, and Uncle James, and little Pearl, very much, and that I come and kiss them every day. I see Matty here sometimes, but "Ma Peck says she does not know it.

[Matty is in earth-life. Do the Spirits go to the Spirit World while yet in the form?—*Ed.*]

I saw her when she was looking at me in Hopedale, after she made my white dress beautiful, and it was as pretty as any of the children's, but somehow it does not seem the same one all the time, either. The fragrance of the flowers, Ma Peck says, made the SPIRIT FLOWERS I brought with me to give you when you cried.

I don't want you to cry, mother, when you go into the front chamber and see my pretty shoes and dresses, and my pretty play-things, but I want you to laugh and say, these are my dear little Flora's and she lives in Heaven now. I am so happy, mother, I never want to cry. I live with Phronie and Ma Peck, and when you come here, you ask God to tell

you where I am; he knows. Tell Mary Craven I come to kiss her sometimes. Tell Franky Burnham I come and play with him sometimes. O, I love everybody! dear mother, BESTEST of all I love you and father, and everybody. Mother, plant me a flower and call it "Florie," and my little fingers will help you.

Your darling,

LITTLE FLORA.

Mrs. Peck, Flora's grandmother, writes to her daughter:

MY DEAR CHILD—I am happy to bring your child again to you. It makes me so glad to see how willingly you resign her to angels' keeping. O, if you only knew how every repressed struggle helped us to educate her, for we tell her how beautiful is Death, that brings her to us, and we could not make her understand it so well, if you were all the time weeping and disconsolate. Do be cheerful, darling. We are blessing you in loving and caring for your little one. Do not weep for her exceeding great blessedness. We let her stay as long on earth as we think best for her.

THY MOTHER IN LOVE.

GOOD TO MAKE MEN OF.—A gentleman once asked a company of little boys what they were good for. One little fellow promptly answered—

"We are good to make men of."

Think of that, my young friends. You are all good to make men and women of. We do not mean, nor did that little boy, that you are merely good to grow up to the size of men and women. No, we mean a good deal more than this. You are to make persons that will help to do good in the world. No one, who is not useful, and who does not seek to make the world better, deserves the name of man or woman.

You should not forget, that if there are to be any men and women—any that deserve such a name—twenty or thirty years hence, they are to be made of those who are now children. What a world this will be when you grow up, if all are only men and women! Will you not ponder this subject, and show yourselves men?

"Good to make men of!" What sort of men will our youthful readers be twenty years hence? Will they be classed with the intelligent, the respectable, the industrious, the prosperous, the benevolent, the pious men of the time? For doubtless there will be such. It may require a little self-denial, and hard study, and hard work; but such a character is cheaply purchased at that price—and such a character we wish all our readers to bear.—*Ex.*

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see." "Yes there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't ever want to see myself do a mean thing."

—Religious tolerance will, probably, come last in the progress of civilization; for, in those interests which search deepest, the weeds of prejudice have struck deepest, too.—*Channing.*

—Industry is what warrants success.

—Nature does not capriciously scatter her secrets as golden gifts to lazy pets and luxurious darlings, but imposes tasks when she presents opportunities, and uplifts him whom she would inform. The apple that she drops at the feet of Newton is but a coy invitation to follow her to the stars.—[*Atlantic Monthly.*]

—There is no escape from slavery, or the mere pretense of freedom, but in radical individual power; and all solid intellectual culture is simply the right development of individuality into its true intellectual form.

—A full heart is as difficult to carry as a full cup—the least thing upsets it.

From the Spiritual Age

A New Convert—Important Movement.

SPIRITUALISM IN WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We learn that the cause of rational Spiritualism has recently received a powerful impulse in the Granite State, from the enlistment in its behalf of a distinguished and capable advocate. The person referred to is Professor J. L. OTIS, Principal of the New Hampshire State Normal School at Marlow. Prof. OTIS has been known in various sections as a competent and successful teacher of youth, and, before his connection with the above-named Normal School, held the post of Superintendent of Public Schools in the State of Kentucky. He has been connected with the Methodist Church, and esteemed as a leading and reliable man in that communion; and, until the event we are about to relate, looked upon Modern Spiritualism as a matter too contemptible to receive any attention at his hands. There was but one family in the town of Marlow who were known as open and avowed Spiritualists, and Prof. OTIS had never been present at any meeting, or witnessed any of the current phenomena attributed to spirit-agency.

About the first of May, (that is, some seven weeks since,) as we are informed, while sitting one evening with his wife—she being equally unacquainted with spiritual phenomena, and bitterly opposed to the “modern delusion”—he suddenly commenced speaking to her as from a departed spirit, claiming to be a sister of hers. She was alarmed, and thought her husband had been seized with a sudden insanity. In her fright, she ran and called in the other inmates of the house. Among these was one of the subordinate teachers of the school, who, as it turned out, was secretly a believer in Spiritualism, and familiar with such phenomena. She at once suggested that Prof. OTIS was in a trance, and that a disembodied spirit was speaking through his organism. She succeeded in quieting the fears of his companion, and inducing her to enter into conversation with her invisible and uninvited guest. Some two hours were then spent in communion with various departed ones, during which interview a number of very surprising tests of personality and identity were given to Mrs. OTIS, of such a character as to thoroughly convince her of the reality of spirit-communion. At the end of this, Prof. OTIS was released from the trance, but was utterly oblivious as to what had transpired. On this incident becoming known, it was found that all the subordinate teachers in the Normal School were confirmed Spiritualists, though they had never made known this fact to their principal.

Subsequently to this, Professor OTIS was controlled a few times to speak in private, but was soon called to appear before the public as a trance speaker. Being well known through all that region, as a public lecturer on scientific topics, his announcement as an advocate of the despised faith of Modern Spiritualism, as may be supposed, occasioned “no small stir about that way.” The first public address, as we understand, was given by him at Paper Mill Village in Alstead, a few miles from Marlow, several Sundays since. On the 30th of May, he was announced to appear before an audience in Claremont. At this place it has hitherto been impossible to obtain a respectable audience to listen to the truths of the Spiritual era, on account of the obloquy which has been occasioned by unwise and incompetent advocates. On this occasion the Town Hall was filled to overflowing, and so great was the drain from other congregations that two meetings were discontinued for the want of audiences. Prof. OTIS, according to his own account, stepped upon the platform under no little confusion of mind, for the reason that he felt utterly unprepared to meet such an auditory—his custom as a public speaker having been to carefully write out his lectures beforehand. He sat down for a few minutes, when he became conscious of a peculiar foreign influence being exerted

upon him, lasting, according to his best judgement, for about a minute and a half, when he observed that another person was speaking, and a portion of the audience were leaving the hall. Turning to a friend who sat beside him, he remarked that he was sorry the people had become impatient, for he thought he might be controlled to address them if they would remain a few minutes longer. He was then informed, to his astonishment, that he, or rather some intelligence using his organism, *had already spoken an hour and ten minutes*, and that, too, in so powerful a manner as frequently to melt a large portion of the audience to tears. The topic of discourse was “Bible-Evidence to the truth of Spiritualism,” and it is said to have been treated with convincing ability. A prominent man of that vicinity, who bears the honorable title of Judge, was heard to say, “If this is the *rationale* of Spiritualism, I hesitate not to avow that I am a Spiritualist.”

Several other facts of interest, connected with the mediumship of Prof. OTIS, have been reported to us, which we may mention hereafter. Suffice it for the present to state, that the friends of a rational Spiritual Philosophy in the western section of New Hampshire have, in connection with this valuable accession to their ranks, taken some steps to the formation of an Association for the purpose of securing and sustaining able and competent advocates of their faith in that region, and of discouraging a class of “vagrant mediums,” from whose ignorance and follies the cause has heretofore suffered much harm. Beyond this immediate object, the Association has in view the establishment, as soon as may be, of an unsectarian Institution, on a broad abyss, for the thorough education, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually of children and youth. We learn that a large number of able and judicious friends of Spiritualism are already interested in the movement, and that a stock-subscription of several thousand dollars has been raised towards the enterprise.

It is hardly necessary to add, that Prof. OTIS finds himself at once object of a virulent and rigorous persecution from former friends and supporters, in both Church and State. He is industriously denounced as either a madman, a fool or an imposter, and strenuous efforts are making to break up the Normal School under his direction. A term has recently closed, with the intention of resuming again in the coming fall; but should that design be defeated by the opponents of Spiritualism, the Professor may be induced to open an institution of the character already alluded to—he having the advantage of being proprietor of the seminary buildings in which the Normal School has been held. Should he do thus, we trust the enterprise will be suitably sustained by the liberal minded people not only of the Granite State, but of New England generally—for the need of such institutions is becoming more and more apparent. Our readers will be apprised of future movements in this matter, in due time.

In the meantime, we are glad to learn that Prof. OTIS is willing to enter the field as a speaker under spirit-influence, and thus build up the faith which he once destroyed. He is engaged at Bellows Falls, if we mistake not, on Sunday next; and will receive applications for services in this capacity wherever desired.

A. E. N.

— I confess I have some considerable dread of the indiscreet friends of religion. I tremble at that respectable imbecility which shuffles away the plainest truths, and thinks the strongest of all causes wants the weakest of all aids. I shudder at the consequences of fixing the great proofs of religion upon any other basis, than that of the widest investigation and the most honest statement of facts.—*Sidney Smith.*

— Justice is a virtue of the mind, rewarding all men according to their worthiness.

PROSPECTUS.

THE AGITATOR:

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL,

Devoted principally to the elucidation of subjects connected with the Spiritual Philosophy and Social Reform.

It will be the Representative of no party or sect. With its “mottoes” for texts, it will go forth to uproot Falsehood and present Truth. We would gather the GOOD and help to destroy the EVIL wherever found.

The degradation of Man, the destiny of Woman, and the rights of Children, will be subjects for discussion. We hope thereby, to right some of the wrongs that curse the world.

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